

The Fulwood Messenger

Spring 2021

**Keep calm
Spring
is here!**



Unitarians
consider all sides

Message from the Chair

Dear Friends, Members of Fulwood Old Chapel
and Fulwood Community,



As chairperson I am writing a message of hope and good wishes to you all.

It is indeed with sadness that we are losing a minister so soon, especially when we had such high hopes of a good outcome a couple of years ago. However we must not dwell on sadness and disappointment but now look forward.

We have so much to be grateful for at Fulwood Old Chapel, we have fantastic members who have stepped in and up, we are a resilient bunch of people and I think we must not be worried about our future. As the country slowly opens up hopefully so will our chapel and normal services will return in the not so distant future.

It almost feels like a rebirth for everyone, we will have to learn how to play various sports again, (that's me on the golf and tennis court) learn to socialise not only with our families but also with friends and colleagues. For many of us, it is as if we have been in hibernation for the past year, the pace of life has slowed, our social contact has diminished, many days have seemed the same. Too many people have had no contact with others, living on their own the days have seemed long and empty.

As spring approaches, however, we do have a way out of this pandemic and a new season to look forward to. Spring always lifts the spirits, birdsong, new life, green shoots, daffodils and other bright splashes of joy. We are blessed in this country to have such vibrant seasons and outside the chapel is a wonderful place to see spring. We have managed without a minister before and we will again, we have many good people who will help us going forward. I am sure the schoolroom will be in use again, thus giving us some much needed income.

I would like to thank a few people who have really got us through this difficult time, Caroline and Susie doing the technology needed for Zoom have been wonderful, without them we would have been in a much more difficult place. Also the zoom meetings have been very successful in attracting many people tuning in each week, even from far afield. Pete, Janet, Susie and Arek have been instrumental in keeping contact with our members, looking after their pastoral needs.

I would also like to thank all the people who have taken services whilst Maud has been off, especially Arek, who has been brilliant and hard to believe he is still a student.

Physically we will be able to meet together in person which will be the biggest boost of all. I am looking forward to saying a proper hello to people instead of a mumbled greeting and a swerve out of the way. We have added words to our language, COVID related, like social distancing, bubble, shielding, the 'r' number, waves of the disease, tiers of restrictions, herd immunity, PPE, lockdown, this proves how we can always learn new

things. Some have done things like jigsaws, read new books, watched new television series, learnt how to video call, things they would have not necessarily done,.

Personally, I cannot complain about my lockdown life, I have improved my Spanish, got into crosswords, found some fantastic new walks and learnt to sit down a little more without running from one thing to another. I have had money to live on, a warm house to live in, and a beautiful city to walk in. My thoughts are often with those who are far less fortunate.

Counting blessings is always good, and we can all have hope for the future.

Looking forward to seeing everyone again and we send Maud thanks, love and all our best wishes for the future.

Jane (Moore)

Fulwood Old Chapel Chair.

We are going ‘Live’

On Easter Sunday we will be opening up the Chapel for services although services will still be broadcast on zoom. The usual covid precautions will be in place so numbers will be limited and we would prefer it if people attending have had at least their first COVID vaccination.

For more information please go to: www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk/services

It takes courage *unknown author*

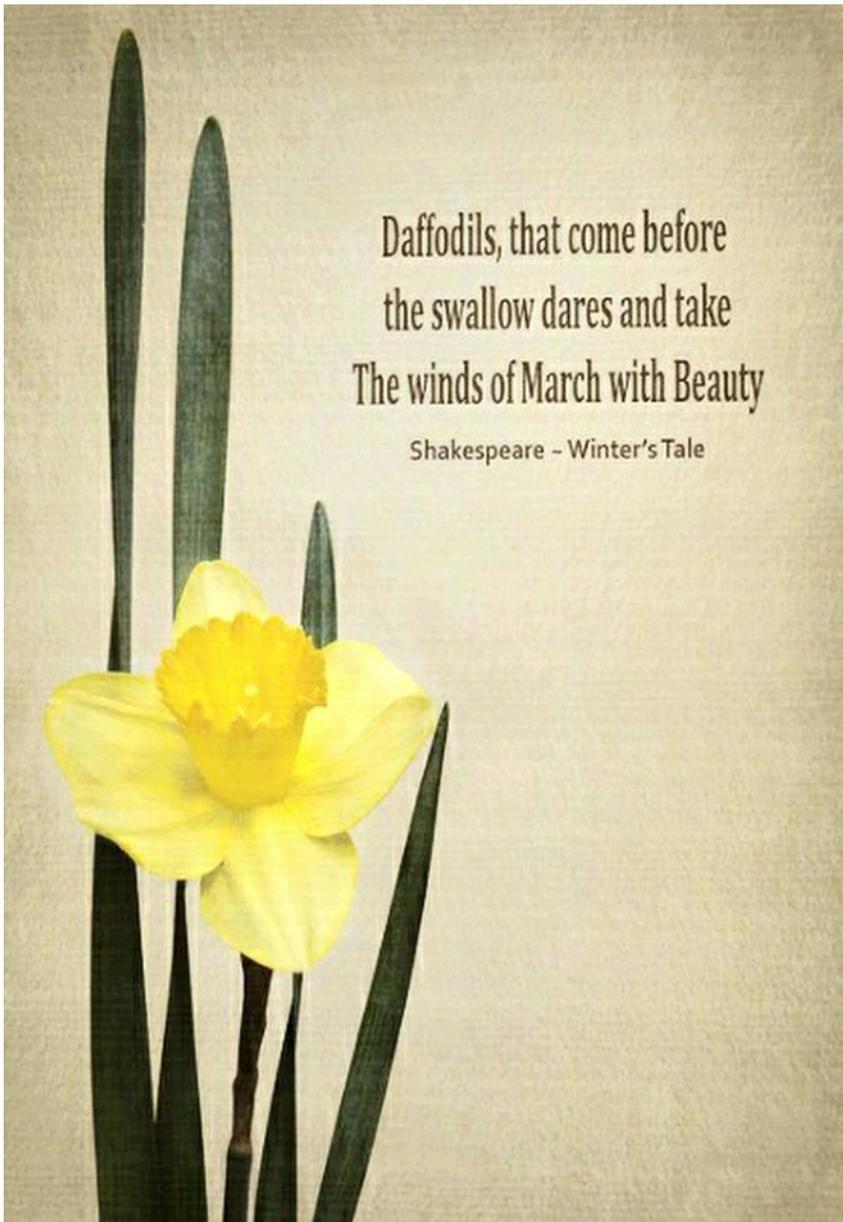
This was read out at Arek Malecki's service on Palm Sunday and it struck a chord so I thought it would be good to share it with you!

It takes strength to be firm, it takes courage to be gentle.
It takes strength to conquer, it takes courage to surrender.
It takes strength to be certain, it takes courage to have doubt.
It takes strength to fit in, it takes courage to stand out.

It takes strength to feel a friend's pain, it takes courage to feel your own pain.
It takes strength to endure abuse, it takes courage to stop it.
It takes strength to stand alone, it takes courage to lean on another.
It takes strength to love, it takes courage to be loved.

It takes strength to survive, it takes courage to live.

Margaret (Sanderson) came across this the other day and as she says that's exactly what our daffodills will be dong!



O Ye of Little faith!

The Editor - Susie Ince

Oh dear - I have all fingers crossed that the road map for lifting lockdown will not be spoilt because of the increasing COVID cases on the continent and I am filled with trepidation sending this Messenger to the printers in case I give the lifting of restriction the kiss of death!

However, never fear - I did forecast in the last edition that the sun will come out tomorrow (that, of course, was before all the snow!) and lo and behold the sun *is* streaming in through the window as I type. O! Ye of little faith!

I can't help but think of the line '*The spring is sprung, The grass is ris, I wonder where the birdies is*' -though I have no idea who has claim to the quote nor am I sure whether it was the birdies or the daffies!

But nevertheless - Spring has sprung, the days are longer and Summer isn't far behind. Let's all look forward and be happy! The dismal winter is a thing of the past and COVID is slowing down.

Not that it hasn't left it's mark. Unfortunately, our minister Rev Maud Robinson, who has been sharing her time between Underbank Chapel at Stannington and ourselves at Fulwood, has found it very hard during lockdown to maintain her momentum. After having been on sick leave for three months she has now decided to concentrate her efforts on one chapel which, being nearer to where she lives, will be Underbank.

So, once more, we find ourselves minister-less but, thanks to the Rowsons, not service-less and I am sure Maud will be back to lend her hand whenever she can.

So, on with this issue. Nature in all its glory and the Fulwood Fete have both taken centre stage. I hope you enjoy it.

As always, take care, stay safe but, most of all, keep smiling.

Susie.

focmessenger@outlook.com



One

One tree can give life to a forest,
One smile can start a friendship,
One hand can uplift a soul,
One idea can shape the future,
One candle can wipe out darkness,
One laugh can conquer gloom,
One ray of hope can lift your spirits,
One touch can show that you care,
One life can make a difference,
Be that 'one' today.

Spring Fever

A clear head of sky relieved of the throb.
of planes, throws off its damp, grey cover,
yawns in this new liberation of airways.

Birds infectious with spring fever puff.
their chests in full-throated song; the soggy lawn.
wheezes under a cough of warm breeze.

A gang of daffodils, oblivious to the whirring scythe.
heading their way, paints the roadsides yellow, brazenly.
fraternising as if immune to the vagaries of nature,

as if resistant to the chill that kills the frail, the sickly,
the precocious. Tulips stay home, tightlipped in isolation,
strict in conformity, mustering reserves for hard times.

Squirrels, who stashed enough for Winter's siege,
empty the bird feeders, their pouches stuffed
to bursting. It's every beast for himself, survival

of the greediest. Bees are abuzz with this changed
world order, sedulously forming a new waggle dance
to instruct the hive. The queen readies herself -

Spring fever stalks, dandelions mark time, temperatures rise.
It takes the breath away, flutters the heart like birds.
in the leafless trees, flocking to the seeded air.

Stella Wulff:



We live in hope that one day we will survive and be allowed out on good behavior!
One day. Girls, we **will** get together and be, once more, - ladies wot dine!
I hasten to add that all names mentioned are fictitious but if the cap fits ...!

Lunch With Girlfriends

By Kathy O'Malley



Elaine's vertigo has never been worse
Kay can't recall where she left her purse
Rhonda's about to replace her knees
Linda's breathing is tinged with a wheeze
Donna's left boob has a troublesome lump
Diane's on her third trip to take a dump
Lorraine's husband can't remember a thing
Nine years a widow, Marge still wears her ring
Marlene is dealing with another UTI
Sally's giving a hearing aid another try
Marie has decided she can't drive at night
Sharon still wears clothes two sizes too tight
They've been through divorces and babies and wakes
They do for each other whatever it takes
They've already buried Marcia and Kate
And truthfully, Lizzie's not looking so great
So whenever they can, they get out to eat
Open bottles of wine and forget their sore feet
There's laughing and crying and letting down guards
And when the bill comes, there's ten credit cards
So here's to the waiters who keep orders straight
And to the places that let lunches run three hours late
And here's to the girlfriends, those near and those far
Here's to the girlfriends, you know who you are!!!

Heaven by Rupert Brooke

<https://interestingliterature.com/2018/10/a-short-analysis-of-rupert-brookes-heaven/>

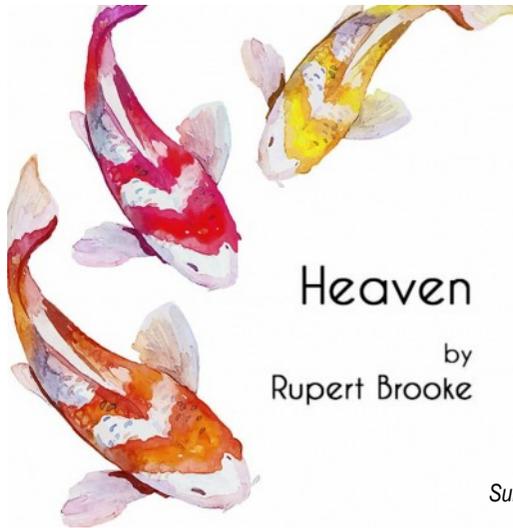
Rupert Brooke's 'Heaven', (see page opposite) composed in 1913, uses fish in a stream, brook, or pond to comment on human piety, and specifically the reasons mankind offers for a belief in something more than one's immediate surroundings: 'Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond; / But is there anything Beyond?'

Why do we believe in an afterlife? So many of us want to believe there is something Beyond, too: that this life is not the only one. Fish almost certainly don't spend their time wondering such things. By using the simple fish to draw a parallel with human emotions and aspirations, Brooke (aptly named given the watery setting of this poem) comments on humankind's determination to believe in something existing beyond this life, despite the lack of concrete evidence in favour of such a proposition. 'Each secret fishy hope or fear' is a particularly good line, since 'fishy' here both refers to the subjects of the poem while also implying something suspect about our own 'fishy' or suspicious beliefs and drives.

Brooke's couplet strikes at the heart of the vain (perhaps in both senses of the word) belief that humans nurture that there is 'anything Beyond' this world: 'This life cannot be All, they swear, / For how unpleasant, if it were!' Such a belief is driven by a longing for it to be true, rather than a more rationally or empirically based hunch that it is true. In the last analysis, 'Heaven' is Rupert Brooke's great satirical poem, and deserves to be placed alongside his patriotic war poems and his poem idealising Edwardian England shortly before the outbreak of the Great War.

'Squamous', by the way, means 'covered in scales'. Fishy indeed.





Heaven

by
Rupert Brooke

Submitted by Nigel Hopkins

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud!- Death eddies near-
Not here the appointed End, not here!

But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.



Local Community Fund

Fulwood Old Chapel, has recently received its first payment from the Co-op Local Community Fund of £509.31 and we would like to thank all you wonderful people who shop at Fulwood Co-op and who have chosen the Chapel. We have earmarked the money to help maintain the chapel and bring it back up to scratch. During lockdown with no one going in it has suffered some what and we plan to welcome all groups back with good facilities that are clean and safe.

There is still more than 6 months to run until the end of the collections so the more you shop at the Co-op, the more funding we will receive - and best of all, it doesn't cost you a penny! - because it is the Co-op who gives 2p to which ever charity you have chosen for every £1 you spend!

Many Co-op members, we have been told, still haven't chosen a cause yet. If you haven't and you are a Co-op member at Fulwood Co-op then simply go to:

www.membership.coop.co.uk/dashboard and sign in. From there click on the tab at the top called 'Choose a Local Cause'.

If you are not a member and shop at Fulwood then you can join by going to: membership.coop.co.uk/new-registration



A COVID LOCKDOWN POEM.

I won't arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
I'll sanitise the doorknob and make a cup of tea.
I won't go down to the sea again; I won't go out at all,
I'll wander lonely as a cloud from the kitchen to the hall.
There's a green-eyed yellow monster to the North of Kathmandu
But I shan't be seeing him just yet, and nor, I think will you.
While the dawn comes up like thunder on the road to Mandalay
I'll make my bit of supper and eat it off a tray.
I shall not speed my bonnie boat across the sea to Skye,
Or take the rolling English road from Birmingham to Rye.
About the woodland, just right now, I am not free to go
To see the Keep Out posters or the cherry hung with snow.
And no, I won't be travelling much, within the realms of gold,
Or get me to Milford Haven. All that's been put on hold.
Give me your hands, I shan't request, albeit we are friends
Nor come within a mile of you, until this virus ends.

Author unknown

Coffee Conundrums

Here are two brain teasers one a riddle by Ernest Baker (answer on inner back page) and the other anagrams of Sheffield districts submitted by Gavin Mason (answers in the next issue) - Have fun!.

Common as...

We've cut down on it for some time now
In cooking, at the dinner table;
for better health.

The ancient Chinese, so it was said
back in my childhood,
tortured prisoners.
by completely denying it
in otherwise ample food,
desiccating the body.

In childhood it ran free
from the cute stopper
in the round pack,
into the more convenient,
ever-present dispenser.

Nowadays we grind our own, sparingly,
and it emerges still crystalline
from far-off, exotic places:
is still craved at times somewhat,
yet maybe hardly missed
like sugar in tea.

*What do I mean?
Surely you've guessed?!*
*The inner back page
Will give you the rest!*

Ernest Baker

Districts of Sheffield

eg Mend Everything = *Darnall*.

Knowledgeable Timber =.

Sprinted again =.

Factory Dwelling =

Aristocrat's Home =

Loft Shops =

Violin Stream =

Cake in the Meadow =

Central Timber =

Angry Minister =

Pine in the Valley =

Tattered Rockface =

Sea ends here =

Coloured bogs =

Shepherds use these =

Question birth =

Twisted colour =

Entrance =

Mine on the heath =

Cheerful team =

Timber dwelling =

Gavin Mason

Fulwood Fete



We're happy to share the news that Fulwood Fete will be taking place this year. The date is set as Sunday 27th June at the top field at Forge Dam Fulwood Old Chapel. The fun family afternoon with games, stalls, food and drinks will start at 1:30pm.

On the day, we're pleased that local community groups such as Fulwood Scout Group, Fulwood Girlguiding and Whiteley Wood Outdoor Centre are being represented, as are Holly Hagg Community Farm. You can also expect activities such as a raffle, tombola, vintage rides & family games. There will be a stage with local amateur artists performing, hot drinks and food to be enjoyed and you will be able to buy books, locally grown plants, homemade goods and crafts created by talented local artists.

If you or your group would like to be involved or you would like to donate cakes, bakes, books and home makes for sale please get in touch by visiting our Facebook Page, Fulwood Fete and posting a comment, email fulwoodfete@gmail.com or search Fulwood Fete on Facebook.

STOP PRESS We need a list of volunteers before the Council will give permission for the Fulwood Fete to go ahead. Booking of stalls is filling up fast but we still need stewards, stall assistants, two First-Aiders and two experienced Safe Guarding Officers.

YOUR FETE NEEDS YOU



**We need
Stewards
Volunteers
Stall workers
Volunteers**

Got a few hours to spare on Sunday 27th June between 1.30pm and 6pm?
then email fulwoodfete@gmail.com

permission for the Fulwood Fete to go ahead. Booking of stalls is filling up fast but we still need stewards, stall assistants, two First-Aiders and two experienced Safe Guarding Officers.

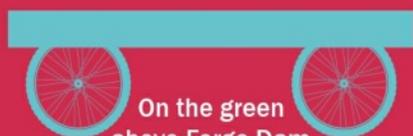
We need to give the list to the council soon so if you can help please let us know ASAP

fulwoodfete@gmail.com



FULWOOD FETE

Sunday 27 June - from 1:30pm



On the green
above Forge Dam

A fun family afternoon with
games, stalls, food and drinks.

Please get involved by volunteering to help
or by donating cakes, bakes, plants and books

Email: fulwoodfete@gmail.com

Proceeds will be donated to:
Sheffield Young Carers
Friends of the Porter Valley
Friends of Redmires Camp Plantation

find us on

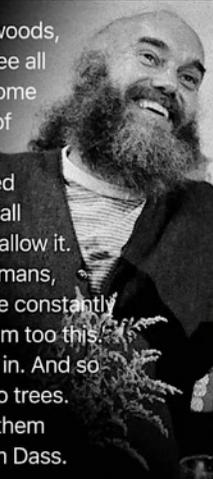


Lessons from the Trees

Quotes by Herman Hesse - a German born Swiss novelist and poet who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946.

"For me, trees have always been the most penetrating preachers. I revere them when they live in tribes and families, in forests and groves. And even more I revere them when they stand alone. They are like lonely persons. Not like hermits who have stolen away out of some weakness, but like great, solitary men, like Beethoven and Nietzsche. In their highest boughs the world rustles, their roots rest in infinity; but they do not lose themselves there, they struggle with all the force of their lives for one thing only: to fulfil themselves according to their own laws, to build up their own form, to represent themselves. Nothing is holier, nothing is more exemplary than a beautiful, strong tree. When a tree is cut down and reveals its naked death-wound to the sun, one can read its whole history in the luminous, inscribed disk of its trunk: in the rings of its years, its scars, all the struggle, all the suffering, all the sickness, all the happiness and prosperity stand truly written, the narrow years and the luxurious years, the attacks withstood, the storms endured. And every young farm boy knows that the hardest and noblest wood has the narrowest rings, that high on the mountains and in continuing danger the most indestructible, the strongest, the ideal trees grow.

When we are stricken and cannot bear our lives any longer, then a tree has something to say to us: Be still! Be still! Look at me! Life is not easy, life is not difficult. Those are childish thoughts. Let God speak within you, and your thoughts will grow silent. You are anxious because your path leads away from mother and home. But every step and every day lead you back again to the mother. Home is neither here nor there. Home is within you, or home is nowhere at all.



"When you go out into the woods, and you look at trees, you see all these different trees. And some of them are bent...you sort of understand that it didn't get enough light, and so it turned that way. And you don't get all emotional about it. You just allow it. The minute you get near humans, you lose all that. And you are constantly saying 'You are too this, or I'm too this. That judgment mind comes in. And so I practice turning people into trees. Which means appreciating them just the way they are.'" - Ram Dass.

★ BE KIND TO THE WISHERS
WHO HAVEN'T GOT WISHES
BE KIND TO THE FISHERS
WHO HAVEN'T GOT FISHES ★
★ BE KIND TO BEGINNERS
WHO HAVEN'T GOT ENDS ★
BE KIND TO THE STRANGERS
WHO HAVEN'T GOT FRIENDS
BE KIND TO THE WALKERS
WHO HAVEN'T A SHOE ★
BE KIND TO THE TALKERS
WHO HAVEN'T A CLUE
BE KIND TO THE OUTSIDERS
★ AND INSIDERS TOO ★
BE KIND TO THE KIND
KEPT CONFINED IN THE ZOO
BE KIND IN YOUR MIND
AND IN ALL THAT YOU DO
★ AND YOU'LL FIND
THAT MANKIND
CAN BE KIND TO YOU TOO.



True Wealth

Too many times we forget what we have and concentrate on what we don't have. What is one person's worthless object is another's prize possession. It is all based on one's perspective. Makes you wonder what would happen if we all gave thanks for all the bounty we have, instead of worrying about wanting more. Take joy in all you have!

There was a boy, whose family were very wealthy. One day his father took him on a trip to the country, where he aimed to show his son, how poor people live. So, they arrived at a farm of a very poor family, 'as he considered', spending several days there. On their return, the father asked his son if he liked the trip.

"Oh, it was great dad" the boy replied.

"Did you notice how poor people live?" asked his dad.
"Yeah, I did," said the boy. The father asked his son to tell him in more detail about his impressions from their trip.

*"Well, we have only one dog, and they have four.
We have a pool in our garden, they have an endless river.*

We have expensive lanterns; but they have the stars above them.

We have the patio, while they have the whole horizon.

We have only a small piece of land, though they have endless fields.

We buy our food, but they grow it.

We have a high fence for protection, they don't need it, as their friends protect them."

The father was stunned. He could not say a word. Then the boy added:

"Thank you, dad, for letting me see how poor we are."

This story shows that the true wealth as well as happiness is not measured by material things. Love, Friendship and Freedom are far more valuable.

Submitted by Sue Hedges





We all realise how lucky we are living, as we do, so close to Derbyshire and the beautiful Peak District. For the last year, lockdown has put a stop to our country jaunts and boy! have we missed them!.

Unbelievable as it may sound, there are many inner city children who have never had the pleasure of exploring the countryside. Send a Child to Hucklow - seeks to address this issue by funding groups of disadvantaged children to holiday at The Nightingale Centre in Great Hucklow. Many of these children have never had a holiday or even seen the countryside. So we have decided to champion their cause this May and June by making SACH our charity collection for May and June.

Despite cancellations in February, March and April, there are still ten groups of children looking forward to a holiday this year but, like all charities, donations are down for SACH due to the pandemic.

We would like to make it possible through our collection to fund at least one child giving them a fun week that they will always remember. The average cost per child is £350. This may be too ambitious but let's see and if not perhaps we could fund the following:

- A day of meals for one child - £12
- An outing to a local attraction - £15
- A wonderful Nightingale Centre hot breakfast - £3
- A pair of Wellington Boot socks to take home - £2.50.

Loads of children who have faced lockdown in poverty could really do with a holiday when it is safe for them to have one.

Let's help SACH give them one to remember!

If you would like to help Fulwood Old Chapel with their collection you can pay by bank transfer to (Sort Code: 40-52-40 Acc. 00060013) ref SCH

or send a cheque, with a note to say that it is for Send a Child to Hucklow and made payable to Fulwood Old Chapel, to

The Treasurer, 23 Bushey Wood Road, S17 3QA,.

Here are two submissions that came through when we thought The Messenger was going out in March. So apologies for the delay

Home Comfort

.This poem has been submitted by Sue Hedges whose Mum's birthday would have been on Mother's Day and who died 25 years ago on the 8th March. Sue says: Whether our homes are large or small, modern or old, brick or stone, in the town or country, we like them to feel 'comfortable', not only for ourselves but for family and visitors. A well lived in, but clean and neat home adorned with our possessions, is most welcoming. I'm sure most of us at one time have had the occasion to visit someone in a 'show house'. This being somewhere you are really not sure where to stand, sit, or put your hands, because everything is perfectly 'in place', and you're nervous of accepting a cup of coffee in case you spill it. One doesn't tend to wish an invite to revisit.

Well, a few years ago I came across this lovely poem which really touched my heart, as it made me.

"A HOUSE THAT'S LIVED-IN"

by Gay Wilson

I love a house that's "lived-in"
with clutter here and there.

A magazine left open.

A jacket on a chair.

A smell of something baking
a special recipe?

An ever-eager offer
of hospitality.

I love a house that's "lived-in"
it seems to stand apart.

For in it is a woman
who has a loving heart.

Addictions

by Karen Allison

I don't know how many of you made New Year resolutions for 2021, and if so what state your resolve is in by now. But back in 2016, a 'phone-loving friend of mine went on a dry January and February. I resolved that I would write a poem a month for a year. So this is a result of both his and my resolutions.....

Addictions

My friend has given up the drink
for two whole months, for charity.
And now it's coming to an end, we're into March, but *dammit*,
He just cannot lift that pint of beer up to his lips..
He has this fear.
that going back to how he was.
will make him a sad loser.
Though he never was a boozier.
We reassure him: 'If you want a lemonade, just have one.
We'll happily drink alcohol, and won't let you.
Spoil our fun'.
Out comes his 'phone. He's texting all his other mates.
What should he do?
All our laughs and chat he leaves,
to be tap-tapping on the keys.

Eventually he buys that drink, but cannot just imbibe
It with out us taking photos to pictorially describe it.
Now off they send to all his contacts, whilst we three just natter.'
Cause we know it doesn't matter.
His social drinking is no scourge,
It's texting's the addictive urge.
Don't give that 'phone a pounding.
Just get another round in!

Karen Allison

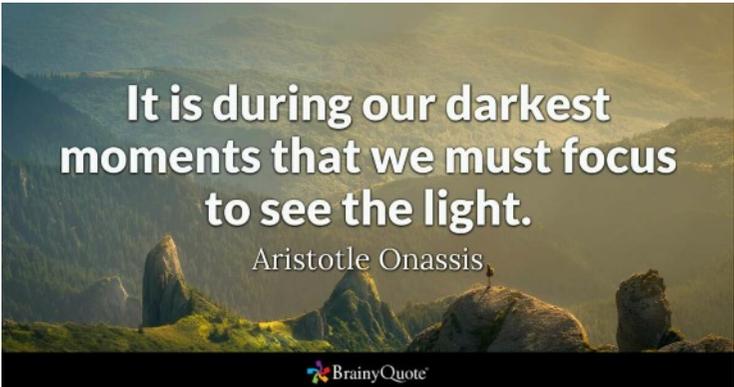
All that really Matters

Beryl (Ramage) several years ago now, tried her hand at calligraphy and here is one 'she did earlier!' She wanted me to just share the words but I think it deserved posting as is - hope you agree!!.

*All that really matters is the way in which we live
The way we face our troubles and the happiness we give
The way we deal with others whom we contact on life's way
The way we work the things we think and the sort of prayers we pray*

*All that really matters is our attitude of mind
The way we meet life's rough and smooth and the set backs we find
The way we try to right the wrong and the way we check despair
The way we use our talents and the things for which we care*

*All that really matters is the character we build
The way we shape it's glory by the missions we've fulfilled
The rays we cast through goodness across the ways we've trod
These are the things that matter to ourselves as well as God.*



**It is during our darkest
moments that we must focus
to see the light.**

Aristotle Onassis

***“No matter how chaotic it is,
wildflowers will still spring up
in the middle of nowhere.”***

by Susie Ince



I came across this quote by Sheryl Crow the other day and thought how right she is!

It always amazes me that despite everything that is going on in the world Spring has the audacity to.. well.. spring! Can't mother nature see what we have been through? Has she no sympathy? Nope - she carries on regardless! Life as we know it has been put on hold and yet here she is bursting forth into Spring as though she hasn't a care in the world!

Take a walk and you will see wild flowers, with a determination so strong, popping up in the most ridiculous places. You have to admire their tenacity - well, don't you?

And then I got to pondering as I watched the daffodils waving happily to each other in the breeze - how do they feel when they wither back into the confines of their bulb? Do they have lockdowns too?

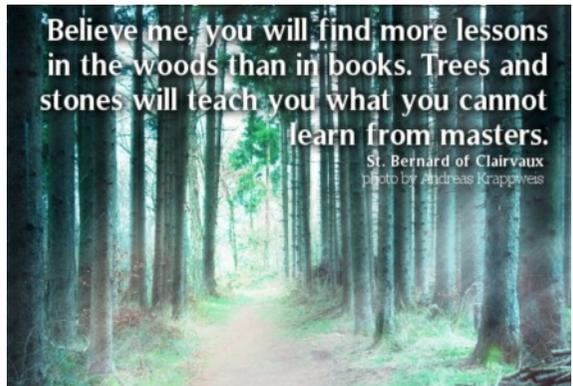
And if they do, do they mumble and complain about being confined so deeply hidden within the soil? Or do they enjoy the feeling of being nurtured excitedly anticipating their renewed outburst in to the sunlight?

Another quote I came across is by Ann Voskamp. She says:

I have lived pain, and my life can tell: I only deepen the wound of the world when I neglect to give thanks the heavy perfume of wild roses and the song of crickets on summer humid nights and the rivers that run and the stars that rise and the rain that falls and all the good things that a good God gives..

It is nature that will always win through no matter what.. It's a humbling thought but (wo)man is not the be all and all in our universe. Pandemics will come and pandemics will go. Let's take a leaf out of nature's book and watch how Spring appears after the most dismal winter!.

Fingers crossed there is no set back to the roadmap for lifting lockdown



Activities in the Chapel

We have our fingers crossed that some of the activities will soon be able to start up again at Fulwood Old Chapel. We are sorry to say that the Pilate Classes will not be returning..

LMW Dance are currently running online classes and hope to be able to resume 'in person' classes after their School Easter break which would be from Friday 30th April with tots Ballet at 3.55pm, infants Ballet at 4.35pm and juniors Ballet at 5.15pm. If unable to resume 'in person' classes, LMW Dance will continue to offer online tuition.. Contact Lisa: 07932509250 or email: enquiries@lmwdance.co.uk

Mayfield WI are very excited that, at long last, members will be able to meet again in the Summer. If there are no changes to the Government Roadmap, its first meeting will be on Wednesday 14th July. They hold monthly meetings at Fulwood Old Chapel on the second Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p.m. If you would like to "try them out", please come along in July. New members are always welcome and they would love to meet you and get to know you. If you would like more information before July, please contact Kathy on 07903 259557 or Denise on 230 1170. We look forward to seeing you

If you want to know more about the other groups and when they may be resuming please contact the group leaders below:

ABBEYDALE SINGERS: Rehearsals Thursdays at 7.30pm. For more details please go to their website www.abbeydalesingers.org.uk

BALLET with LMW DANCE: Fridays (Term Time).
Contact Lisa: 07932509250 or email: enquiries@lmwdance.co.uk

EXERCISE FOR EVERYONE: Mondays 10 - 11am (Exercise to music for 60+)
Email Beccy Ross at simplybfitt@outlook.com or call 07539 649 165

FULWOOD TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD: first Thursday in every month at 2pm..
Contact Pauline Wragg on 0114 2305995 / 07732498282 or paulineawragg@me.com

FULWOOD WRITING GROUP: Usually last Monday in the month 7.30pm.
Contact Marie on email: m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk on Zoom until further notice.

MAYFIELD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE: every 2nd Wednesday at 7.30 pm
0114 2295948 (Elaine) 0781 2389195 (Helen) email: helensweet138@yahoo.co.uk

MINDFULNESS@LUNCHTIME - Every Friday 12.15 - 2pm. Contact Rev Maud Robinson:
0114 233 1672 07802-603 480 or maudrobinson@gmail.com

POETRY GROUP - every 3rd Thursday in the month at 4pm On Zoom until further notice
Email: Marie for more info: m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk.

USE IT OR LOSE IT: Exercises for the over 60's with Jo.Fridays 10.30 am - 11.30 am.
£6 per session. Contact Jo on 07975715361 or email: trainwithjo@outlook.com

YOGA: Classes - Mon: 6 - 7.15 pm Contact Leslie on 07888681274 or email
unwind@yogasheffield.com

We have a new website - why not take a look -

fulwoodoldchapel.uk

For Personalised Ceremonies please contact
Janet Rowson on 0114 2365894 or janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

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To hire the Chapel or Old Schoolroom please contact  
Janet Rowson on 0114 2365894 or [janetpeterrowson@gmail.com](mailto:janetpeterrowson@gmail.com)

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To advertise or submit an article for the Messenger
please contact Susie Ince at focmessenger@outlook.com

Chapel Officers and Committee Members

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Ernest's Riddle: *Good old sodium chloride: Common salt!*

Sunday Reflections

11am. on Zoom &
in Chapel if allowed.

Please see notice board or Chapel website for confirmation

April 4th Easter Congregational

11th Ed Fordham

18th Rev Ashley Hills

25th Arek Malecki

May 2nd Philippa Shewry

9th Ed Fordham

16th Arek Malecki

23rd Rev Maud Robinson

30th Joy Parker

June 6th Robert Ince

13th Ed Fordham

20th Arek Malecki

27th Peter Rowson

Email info@fulwoodoldchapel.uk for more details

Fulwood Old Chapel

8a Whiteley Lane, Sheffield S10 4GL

- a unitarian meeting place -

fulwoodoldchapel.uk

 Supported by
Co-op Members